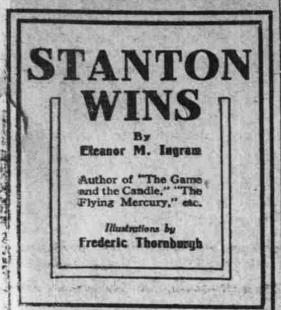
STORY



opyright 1912. The Bobbs-Merrill Company SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile trace the mechanician of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger four hour race Stanton meets a stranger. Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They alight to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in pure Accident by which Santoland follow in auto. Accident by which Santon is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

There was a bad turn. His eyes on the machine in front, Stanton rounded the banked curve at a pace which sent the shricking crowd of spectators | there's only the Atalanta ahead of us I began to feel so sick that I exrecoiling from the danger-line and us." sprayed yellow soll high into the air. As the Mercury turched into the straight stretch beyond, as Floyd was in the act of turning to examine the rear tires, there came a sharp explosion and a reeling stagger of the car as a rear casing blew out, wrenched itself bodily from the wheel and rolled fastest lap and highest speed ever like a hoop into a field a hundred yards away.

The machine tettered to the edge of the road, stopping under the powerful brakes. Floyd sprang out, drag- Floyd descended, stiff and weary ging loose one of the extra tires car- enough after the continuous run of ried, while Stanton reached for the five hours and fifty-eight minutes. But fo. inversation, as they worked, peo- his steering-wheel, the focus of snapple from all directions flocking around ping cameras, curious crowds, and in a pushing, eager circle to watch the blended congratulations and sympaproceedings.

Floyd's deft swiftness balanced by planation made evident. Stanton's strength. When the task his place.

you going to take all day, or am I going to catch that Atalanta?"

Floyd obeyed first and retorted second; an invaluable habit.

"If you're goin' to catch anything but a smash, I'd suggest a slow-down for that turn," he countered, in the blurred accent so softly deceptive. "No tire built is goin' to stick on a wheel under such coughin'."

Stanten shot a glance askant out of the corner of a stormy blue-black eye. He was irritated by the lost time, he felt more ill than he could have been brought to admit, and interference pricked him like a spur.

"I'll give you a lesson in driving," he cast across his shoulder, and bent

over the wheel.

It was Stanton at his worst and best who made the next two circuits of the long course. Other racers, warned by their mechanicians of the thunderbolt bearing down upon them, drew prudently to one side, preferring the chance of later regaining the advantage. From every angle and curve the people fled, at sight of the gray car followed by its whiriwind of dust and carrying the huge "5" condts hood.

Twice the Mercury rushed past the grand-stand, to a tempelt of cheers drowned by the car's own roar. The second time, the two menglimpsed an official rising, megaphone in hand, and rightly guessed that they had made the fastest circuit of the day.

And Floyd had received the promissed lesson, for Stanton had safely negotiated the turn that before cost them a tire, at a pace equally fast.

Safely, once; but, not content, he came, around the second time driving as furiously, with unslackened speed. Down upon the turn they swept again, Stauton unerringly repeating his exquisite feat of skill and twisting the Mercusy around on the two inside wheels; then the predicted happened. The crack of an exploding time came while they were on the bend, instantly echoed by the bursting of its mate from the opposite wheel; the car tore itself from control under the double shock and shot off the course into the field beyond, plowing deep furrows in the soft earth until it overturned with a final crash.

Partly meld by his steering-wheel. the nich was flung out on the meadow gens; as the car upset, its speed then so much checked that he escaped searcely bruised. Floyd, unprotected. had been hurled from his seat by the first shock and lay half-stanned near the edge of the course.

From far and near came the people's cries of horror and shouts for aid. But before the first man reached them. Stanton was up and at the time of his mechanician.

"Floyd!" he panted. "Floyd!" Floyd was already rising to one knee; gasping for breath, soiled with | Stanton led the way. dust and grass-stains, and with the blend welling from a jagged rent in large hotels of the city, and neither his left arm, but with his attention of the companions were dressed for only fixed on Stanton.

"You're-all right?" he articulated "17 Yes A fool always is. You-" to order dinner sent to his own apart- prominent lady courteously.

the mechanician was not seriously in- sation caused by their entrance. jured, without Floyd's reassuring nod. "Call me what you like," Stanton permitted, between clenched teeth, as

ne dragged out his handkerchief to bandage the slender arm. The appalled crowd was upon them. With a sputtering roar the Duplex machine rounded the turn and sped down the straight stretch, its mechanician staring back over his shoulder at the wreck. But Floyd brushed the girlish curls off his forehead and staggered

erect, helpless laughter shaking him. "Call you? I think you've got the best disposition an' the worst temper fortable as you can, Floyd. There is I ever saw! The this up an' we'll nothing the matter with me-there right the car. We've got to be movin'

There were plenty of sympathetic helpers. Incredible to the witnesses, but as Floyd had foreseen, the Mercury had not materially suffered. The big car was righted by fifty hands; Stanton and Floyd-unaided, according to racing rules-put on the new tires, and took their seats amid hearty admiration and good wishes.

Twenty minutes after she left the course, the Mercury shot down it once more. By the time the grand-stand themselves. His own bearing was less was fully aware that "Stanton had got his again," and the ambulance to quietness almost savoring of timhad been hurried clanging to the scene of the possible tragedy, the Mercury whirled past the judges, running more comet-like than ever.

But Stanton took the turns conservatively; for him.

The race was lost. Even Stanton could not regain the half-hour lead given his competitors. Late in the fourth hour he signaled Floyd to lean closer, and when he was obeyed: "Where's the Duplex?" he ques-

tioned eagerly. "At its repair pit for the last hour," Floyd made hopeful answer." "An'

Stanton shook his head, but let out

his car a little faster. The Mercury came across the line, at the finish, just five minutes behind the Atalanta; to receive fully as great an ovation as the winning car. The spectacular driving, the record of the made on that course, the second place won in spite of the accident, almost

eclipsed the Atalanta's victory. In the midst of the joyous tumult, Willippx. They had no need or time Stanton did not follow; leaning upon thy. Only when one of the judges The two worked well together, came over to shake hands, was the ex-

"If I am to get out, some one will was finished, the driver first regained have to help me," announced Stanton impassively, and unclasped his mask, "Get in," he ordered crisply. "Are baring a face gray with exhaustion under its coating of caked dust.

And, in fact, it was necessary to aid the cramped, over-taxed driver to dismount from his car; to the wonder of



People From All Directions Placking Around.

all those familiar with his usual superb endurance:

A Hittle later Floyd, some of the grime removed, somewhat rested, and lissuing from the ambulance surgeon's care with his arm bandaged in civilized fashion, felt a touch on his shoulder.

"I'm going to get out of this uproar." Stanton briefly imparted. "Come with me; 'send for your things and stay at my hotel tonight."

Flowd direw back, hesitating oddly. "I'm sorry," he began. Stanton's straight dark brows con-

"You mean that you don't want anything personal to do with your brute of a driver? Oh, say so." "No. no! Only-I-"

The steel-keen eyes sent one direct glance into the troubled gray ones. "Good-by," pronounced Stanton definitely, and turned on his meel, "Stanton!" cried Floyd, in distress.

The other kept on, unbesting. "Stanton!" Fleyd appealed, overtaking him. "Please-I give you my word I never meant that. I've got to the back at my own hotel, donight, that was all. I'll do anything you

Stanton slowly halted. "Will you come with me now, to dinner? Suit yourself." "I'd like to," was the humble currender. Like a woman, Floyd yielded were no small reservations in his

yielding. There was a taxicab waiting; to It

The destination was one of the the public 'dining-room. In the guest-crowded lobby Stanton paused opposing the movement," replied the

But he could see for himself that ment, perfectly indifferent to the sen-

"You are unwell, sir?" the clerk ventured, regarding him wide-eyed "No," he denied laconically.

But he looked far more fatigued than his comparatively frail mechanician, nevertheless. Fatigued, and ill. "You didn't hurt yourself in our upset, I hope," Floyd said with anxiety, when they were alone in the stiff, impersonal hotel room.

"No. I had a bad night of it," Stanton explained. He sat down in an arm-chair, resting his head against the cushioned back. "Make yourself comcan't be, I never was sick a day since I can remember. Probably I need feeding; I've eaten nothing since that confounded dinner last evening, and

it is nearly six o'clock now." But, after all, when the food was brought, Stanton could eat none of it; although maintaining a pretense of doing so, which forbade his companion to comment upon the fact.

"Were you feeling ill yesterday?" Floyd inquired, when the last course was removed and they were left to assured than usual, his gaiety subdued idity.

"Not until evening, after dinner." The mechanician looked at him, started to speak, checked himself, and at last impulsively put the indiscreet question:

"Do you mind telling me where you

"Of course not," Stanton returned. without a trace of hesitation. "With Mr. Carlisle of the tire company, and his daughter. They are here for the races. He wanted to talk tires to me, Heaven knows why. We didn't get very far; after Miss Carlisle left cused myself and got away to the nearest doctor."

Floyd turned his head, and caught his breath in a brief, quick sigh. When he looked back at his host, his candid eyes were clearer and more gentle than they had been since the assistant manager had given the account of Stanton's amazing disappearance.

"Acute indigestion, your doctor called your attack?"

"Something like it." "Miss Carlisle doesn't seem to be a lucky companion," Floyd observed dryly. "She made you miss your train here, you came near breaking your wrist with her car, and her dinner seems to have poisoned you. What did she give you, tobster and icecream?"

"No-I hardly know. I never care what I eat." He pussed his hand impatiently across his forehead, sudden-

Floyd leaned newrer. "Stanton, how did you feel? What? Tell me; I'm not just curious."

"Nausea, violent successive attacks of seasickness that left me too weak to stand. I've get the headache yet." His voice died out; he had a wague impression of Floyd starting up and coming toward him.

"I had to make the doctor steady ne with some drug so I could race," he resumed abruptly. "I'm 'brute enough without that in me, Fleyd."

"Hush, try to rest," urged his mechanician's earnest young voice across the mist.

"I'm tired," the conceded.

'it seemed to him a long time afterward that a mensation of exquisite coolness extinguished the flame-like pain binding his temples, although the rich sunset glow was still in the room when he opened his eyes. Floyd was bending over him, bathing his forehead with light, firm touches. Stanthe savage irritability of a strong man "What a position for you and me! What will you do for me—the engine is shaking loose from the chassis, hy the feeling? Get your tools." "Don't try to talk. I have sent for

all right. Here," a hand was slipped the garments worn by those who pass to his lips. "Drink this."

"You might have been a nurse," Stanton wandered dreamily. "Your sister couldn't do better. And you're so nonsensically good-looking! Floyd." the feverishly brilliant eyes flashed wide, "what is your sister's name?"

"Jesse-Jessica?"

"We are twins; I told you that. They named us so purposely." The heavy white bandage encircling his mechanician's left arm caught the

patient's failing attention. "You've had a bad day; go home and rest," gasped Stanton the brute, hefore things slipped from his ken. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Escaped, but Without Booty.

A wealthy Swiss merchant at Lausanne has just outwitted theires who

sent to him a letter demanding that a large sum of money should be brought to a certain place, and threatening to murder him if he refused to send it. file informed the police, and a trap was set. A servant, carrying a packet of worthless paper, went to the appointed place—a railway station where an express train stops for a short while. When the train, arrived a woman dashed out of a first-class compartment, snatched the packet from the servant's hands, and re-entered the train. The train, which usually starts from the station within a few minutes of the arrival, was delayed by arrangement, and the detective entered. to a superior will; like a man, there | They found the compartment empty, with the door on the side furthest from the platform wide open. They caw the woman enter a motor-car containing three men, which raced away

How to Be Prominent. "Why aren't you a suffraget?" "I think I can get more publicity by

Designed for the Street, Made Up in Blue Charmeuse



A gown of blue charmeuse with green collar and lapels. Special features: the sash, very short jacket and draped skirt.

HARMONY ALWAYS A POINT MAKES PRETTY HOME DRESS

Sharp Contrasts in Living Room Something to Be Avoided by the Upto-Date Homemaker.

A room is really a picture, or at least it should be composed with due regard to its esthetic possibilities. The walls are the background of which doors and windows are a part. The furniture is in the middle distance and

the family furnishes the foreground. It is evident that if the wall paper is figured conventional designs are al- cuffs of this; the sides and upper ways best and the designs should be part of sleeves are cut Magyar and worked out in varying tones of the dominant color. This dominant color may be any that lends itself charmingly to interior decoration. It should be soft, rich and beautiful in its varying

It is not enough that it should blend with carpets and curtains or contrast harmoniously with them. It should be favorable as a background to the persons who make the main part of the picture, it should bring out the flesh tones, or at least not spoil them, and a doctor," soothed Floyd. "You are it should not clash with the colors of behind his head, a glass of water held | their time within the four walls of the room. Moreover, it should simplify the lighting problems, whether the position of windows or the effect of electric lamps is taken into consideration.

SETTING FOR TOILET TABLE

Various Dainty Accessories Are Offered for the Fancy of the Woman Who Likes Pretty Things.

Very lovely are the cut-glass salt bottles with square stopper of enameled on silver gilt in the daintiest and most artistic designs, while the large cut-glass perfume bottles have enamel stoppers and tops, the enamel generally toning with the prevailing color of the room.

A silver ruler with inch and centimeter measurement, which holds rubber, pencil and pen when the end is taken off, also finds a place in the boudoir. And a new paperweight in the form of a ruler with a handle in the center, the inch and centimeter measurements being marked thereon, is amongst the latest of useful teminine trifles.

Veils Now Often Discarded. Veils are very much less worn than they used to be in past seasons. They are less easy to wear with very small and end in front. hats, for the simple reason that they ly small hat is specially reserved for yards satin ribbon. the very young woman, she may well ! permit herself to meet the full glare of daylight in the street without any softening vell. Besides this, some hytion of New York Herald.

In Cherry Red Cloth This Costume Would Be Fit for the Adornment of Any Woman.

For this house dress might be selected red cloth of fine texture.

The skirt is made with a panel down back and a wrapped seam down front, which is rounded off at the foot to show a small panel of braided satin in a delicate shade of gray.

The bodice has a yoke and deep



laid on with wrapped seams; material fills in the space below yoke; a black satin ribbon is taken round the waist and arranged to hang in a bow

Materials required: 31/2 yards cloth may easily touch the eyes or at least | 48 inches wide, 1/2 yard satin 40 the eyelashes; but, since the extreme inches wide, 3 dozen yards braid, 2

Cotton in Netting.

One bride is making her comforters in an unusual way, says Good later reaped his reward. Here is the gienic people pretend that the veil is Housekeeping. She incloses the cot- lesson of the forgetfulness of the harmful both to the complexion and ton batting in mosquito netting, tack- chief butler. Must we censure him the sight, and, while it is also true ing it here and there. Then she slips entirely for his ingratitude? Joseph's that the contrary opinion is held, the this into its outside cover. When gift of leadership, 'twas not the occadevotee of fashion will follow her own | the cover is soiled it is very easy to | sion that made the man, but the man personal opinion without bothering rip open one end and remove the cot- made the occasion. The lesson of her head about any other .- Paris Edi- ton and also as simple to put the Joseph's faithfulness in the obscurwhole together again.

INTERNATIONAL

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)

LESSON FOR MAY 4

JOSEPH INTERPRETS DREAMS.

LESSON TEXT-Gen. 40:9-23. GOLDEN TEXT-"The breath of the Almighty giveth them understanding."
Job. 32:8, R. V.

In teaching this lesson we must not overlook the intervening events which are other illustrations of the truthfulness of the biblical narrative in that the sinful failures as well as the successes of families and of chosen individuals are presented.

Joseph began life in Egypt as a serf. Potiphar, who bought him, was the chief marshal of the empire, the lord high executioner. What Joseph's feelings most have been we are left to infer, but we believe he accepted his humiliating position with resignation and resolved to adjust himself to his new environment. Thus it was that Potiphar found in Joseph an houest servant. Joseph served ten years, years of constant promotion, when he encountered the ordeal related in chapter 39.

Crime and Sin. The breaking point had to come when he exclaimed: "How can I do this wickedness and sin against God?" Gen. 29:9. A crime is committed against a man or against society; the same act against God is a sin. Joseph's only safety was in flight (v. 12), to parley would have meant defeat. Between the ages of seventeen and thirty, Joseph lived a life of slavery and imprisonment. But God was with him and his faithfulness was rewarded by being promoted to the position of warden. "Our religion should recommend us, therefore itself, to those who have to do with us." (Maclaren). Joseph has been referred toas "the optimist," not as one who believes that all will come right, but that all is right now.

So much by way of introduction. The lesson proper divides itself hat urally into two divisions:

1. The Chief Butler's Dream, VV. 9-15. As we have seen Joseph's purity of life and loyalty to God had brought upon him the bitter hatred of an unprincipled woman (cf. 2 Tim 3:12), but as we shall see, the sequel was his exaltation. (See Matt. 5:11, 12.) By inference we are led to believe that Potiphar had not altogether believed the story of his wife, else he would have exercised his right as an official, also as a slaveowner, and summarily executed Joseph. But Joseph had one friend from whom he could not be separated. (Jehovah, 39:21.)

In the providence of God two men who stood nearer the King in thedischarge of their duties than did. Potiphar are brought into close contact with Joseph. It was through one of these men Jacob was afterwards given his opportunity which led to the salvation of many, including those of his own families. (Esther 6:1, Rom. 8:28, Ps. 76:10.)

An Enlightened Age.

We cannot of course lay the same emphasis upon dreams today as at the time of Joseph, nor is there need of such revelations from God, for we live in the enlightened age of the Holy Spirit and ever have easy access to the word. But trivial as these dreams may have seemed. God was using them to change the course of history. Verse seven gives us an intimation of this, also a hint of Joseph's heart of compassion and sympathy. Had Joseph been a selfish man, slow to notice the sorrows of" others and still slower to make any endeavor to relieve their suffering, he would have missed the very opportunity God intended to use in the effecting of his escape from prison.

II. The Chief Baker's Dream, vv. 16-23. This dream also was connected with the dreamer's avocation in life and hence along the most natural lines. Again Joseph's cherished conviction produced by his own dreams induces him to offer an interpretation of the baker's dream. Had he lost this conviction due to the circumstances of the hour or questioned the validity of God's revelation or that he was a called man in God's plan. he would not have attempted any interpretation. Again we emphasize the fact that dreams are of a negligible value in this present age. They usually come from poor digestion or sise a sinful tendency to worry. They have nothing of the divine about them. (See Eccl. 5:3, Jer. 23:28.) We have a better revelation from God, his word; are we familiar with it? It is foolish for us to put any dependence upon dreams today. Joseph's interpretations which came from God were fulfilled, yet the butler forgets.

The Lessons of the Lesson. For the younger pupils the story tells itself and will hold enthralled attention. For old and young there is the lesson of Joseph's serviceableness, he was a "helpful man." Joseph bought up his opportunities and